

Are They Eves or Griseldas, Under the Skin?

An Interview With Havelock Ellis — By Eleanor Kinsella McDonnell

"Housewifery Should Be Househusbandry as Well," Says Dr. Ellis

London, England.

THE new marriage which every one predicted would—or should—be one of the good things to come out of the war, what of it? Has it materialized? Is it



Havelock Ellis

In the process of materialization? Are the majority of us still Eves, or patient Griseldas under the skin? Does woman, like history, run round in circles, or has a brand-

new type of womanhood been evolved by the stirring years through which we have passed and are passing? In a word, what has feminism—even timid, very home-keeping women do not shudder at that nowadays—done for us?

These are questions which no woman, no matter how astute she considers herself, feels competent to answer without expert male advice, because, after all, the new woman is as much, if not more, a man's problem than any one else's. He must live with her!

A Calm and Happy Radical

I took my question to Havelock Ellis, possibly the greatest living authority on the subject of man and woman and their relationship to each other, and certainly one of the best and earliest friends of the new woman. Mr. Ellis enjoys the unique distinction of having two very large audiences of a different kind in America: intelligent men and women in every walk of life who love his non-technical writings for their practical idealism and fearless vision, and the medical profession, alone privileged to buy those of his books which delve into the pathological.

On the way down to see him, as

the bus crossed Waterloo Bridge over the Thames and wove its way through narrow, century-old neighborhoods until it came finally to Brixton, where he has an apartment, I indulged in the precarious pastime of anticipatory mental picture-making. He would be young—under fifty, at least, because his work is so vigorous, his ideas so modern. He would be interestingly blasé and not a little effeminate—as befits a pronounced aesthete.

But, of course, he was none of these things. I found him hale and rife, white-haired, white-bearded, full of years, albeit full of unquenchable youth. This is the man who in the calmest manner has written all sorts of radical things and who has made the conservatives shiver down to the tips of their longest toes.

High Lights in the Ellis Philosophy

He believes, for instance: That a husband and wife, if it can possibly be afforded, should live in separate domiciles.

That a little jealousy may be an unpleasant, dangerous thing; but, notwithstanding that, life is much more interesting for all concerned if a wife retains her male friends and a husband his female ones after marriage.

That the marriage code is far too rigid, and that until public opinion makes it more elastic men and women are justified in contracting free unions.

That not all women are born with the strong maternal instinct, and that women should not have unwanted children (he believed this in a day when others thought it sheer heresy).

That housewifery should be



Havelock Ellis calls on his wife in her own home, next door

househusbandry as well. It is not exclusively a female occupation, but belongs to the common gender. Men and women should put their heads together and make it as simplified and as scientific as modern labor-saving devices and the

growing sentiment for community effort will allow.

"Speeded Up" By the War

"The war," said Dr. Ellis, "gave a tremendous impetus to the new

ideas regarding woman's personal, social and economic life, which even before 1914 a number of persons were trying to realize. The conflict which took the majority of women out of their homes broadened their outlook immeasurably. It gave numbers of them their first taste of economic independence. And the establishment of crèches and national kitchens proved that organization could make much of the old slavishness to the home unnecessary. Many women will never go back to the old way. We cannot ask them to. The problem now is for the man to catch up with the woman. He must either help to lessen her domestic burdens or share them with her.

"And a great many men have returned from the war prepared to do so. For five years they have been in the field, many of them far away from woman's usual ministrations. They have learned to do for themselves many of the little tasks for which they formerly depended upon their wives, and their wives have learned to do much of what is termed 'man's work,' the work which brings in the pay envelope. 'Many people are afraid that woman's new trend of thought in regard to the home will lead to its destruction. This will not be if the woman and the man together cast out the old traditions of 'woman's place' and 'man's dictatorship' and cooperate intelligently to make the new home a freer place for woman's development. Women, to a certain degree, as well as men must be educated up to this point.

"Women are justified in the new ideas regarding marriage which they are striving to work out. They believe that the old perpetual pinquity led to boredom which strangled romance. They ask why

Perpetual Propinquity Leads to Boredom and Strangles Romance

should the man cease to be the lover when he becomes the husband? And they question whether greater freedom of action in marriage would not do away with this boredom. Therefore one hears talk of separate vacations, separate domiciles. Only the unthinking conservatives become frightened at these tendencies."

We were sitting in front of an open fire. Dr. Ellis rose and took down a book from a nearby bookshelf. It was a biography of James Hinton, written by Mrs. Ellis several years before her death in 1916.

Idealists Who Lived Their Faith

"My wife," said he, "was a great admirer of James Hinton, who more than a half century ago exposed many of the fallacies still current among the so-called 'happy Christian homes.' Often those people who cry aloud at the passing of the old do so only because they have falsely idealized it. The 'happy Christian home' of the bygone or passing day meant in many cases nothing but crushing and deadening monotony for the woman in it.

"People who read into the change in woman's position in the home and her growing demands for a freer life only a moral decadence which threatens the fabric of society are needlessly alarmed, I believe. They do not analyze correctly. Monogamy will, I am convinced, remain always

the ideal of marriage, but until the limitations and inequalities of the marriage laws are removed thinking men and women will show an increasing tendency to take matters into their own hands, even at the risk of bringing down the disapproval of society."

Dr. and Mrs. Ellis are the kind of idealists who lived their ideals as well as wrote books about them. To the infinite surprise—and confused indignation, too—of the majority of the villagers, they lived a life of romantic love in Cornwall by the sea as neighbors, each occupying a separate house. Mrs. Ellis, who approved passionately of the married woman maintaining her own economic independence, supported herself by writing and farming and lecturing.

They never bored each other, and they didn't run the risk of it. For months Havelock Ellis would come up to his apartment in London, and for months Mrs. Ellis, who was very fond of America and our receptivity to new ideas, would cross the sea and remain away. "But," Dr. Ellis confessed, "we wrote to each other every day."

Years did not wear thin the romance of their marriage. At the risk of being thought sentimental, I must confess that this personal bit of history of the life of the great sociologist seemed very beautiful to me, and intensified, if possible, my interest in his future writings.

"Guaranteed Husbands" Based on Universal Training for Matrimony

By Frances Duncan Manning

THE most irreproachably furnished home is hardly complete without a husband. In the vital matter of relatives very little choice is offered any of us. Fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles are here when we arrive; no voice has any of us in their selection; also with children—whatever Providence sends one has to take and be thankful.



The "angel child"

ful. If it be a boy with snub nose and freckles it is not possible to return the lad because one preferred a small maiden with blue eyes and curls like little Eva. But one may select one's husband.

Psychology—First Aid In Mate Choosing

In these days, when the study of character by sight has become so prevalent, when firms employ experts to determine what prospective employees would be most desirable, and banks have psychologists to diagnose the morals of customers that they may ascertain who can be trusted and who not, there should be some bureau to which the bride-to-be may lead her prospective bridegroom for a character analysis.

Surely it is of as much value to Angelina to know how her Edwin is likely to act in any of the various emergencies that try men's souls

(and are fairly certain to occur in any marriage) as it is to know if her kitchen utensils are of the sort that will stand wear. How will he "react" to such circumstances as a leak in the bathroom pipes overhead while a little dinner is in progress to which he has bidden his most valued business associates? Will he act nobly in such an emergency? Or will he fade?

Will he prove a tower of strength when moving day comes, so that, in the confusion, Angelina feels like unto a feathered on top a vanload, borne along by the tide of his resistless energy? Or will he make for her one more irritation and difficulty until she longs for a means of anchoring him at his club until the crisis be past?

Like war, marriage brings to the surface heroism which lay dormant in those we least credited with it, while those of heroic appearance took safe jobs that kept them imperatively in the rear. How is an inexperienced damsel to know that yonder timid and shamefaced youth, with a receding chin and awkward gait, has a patience and kindness that are inexhaustible, while her Howard-Chandler-Christy hero, with the square jaw and powerful shoulders, will, if the cook leaves and the furnace man forgets his job, lie in bed until his usual time and swear because his breakfast is belated? Some women's magazines might perform a great and very definite service by depicting the various types and what they are likely to do in the various exigencies.

Why should not their covers occasionally be adorned with fine types of masculine perfection, while within is the explanation and elucidation? Thus the woman with initiative could choose safely a man whose head showed the lack of it—might even prefer it, while the feminine clinging vine could make sure of an oak and not a weeping willow toward which her rash fancy might have swayed.

Souls in Curl Papers Or Unshaven

Herein would lie the value of the "trial marriages" suggested by Elsie Clews Parsons. It is not so much that the sight of Angelina in curl papers, as has been frequently sug-

gested, or of Edwin unshaven would dislocate irretrievably the affection of either; it is more a matter of whether either has the habit of allowing the soul, as it were, to appear in the home circle in curl papers or unshaven, and this is extremely difficult to ascertain beforehand, except one has known the object of his affections from childhood—unless some bureau such as I have suggested comes in to aid.

Instruction is given freely on how to market worthily, how to choose the best for one's table; why not instruction on how to choose with extreme intelligence and care who shall sit at the head of the table?

I believe men suffer far more than women from the blindness or astigmatism with which Cupid afflicts his victims. Men have less intuition and



insight than women, and although the present style of hairdressing enables Edwin to cast an appraising eye over Angelina's head line, it was not always thus, nor is it likely to continue. I remember a playmate, an angel-faced girl child of about ten or eleven. The parents of all of us were unanimous in thinking her charming, well behaved, exemplary—and so she appeared. But she was a very lagoon in her ability to get other children into trouble, and never could you have the satisfaction of putting your finger on defi-

nite blame that belonged to her. None of us could explain why we so detested that scaphic-appearing Julia. Julia now has been married and divorced her husband, but a jury of women, picked from the angel children's early associates, would have given the verdict to the man, and even the custody of little Julia. To those who had suffered from her in her youth little Julia was ample reason for any evil courses or falls from grace in any man. Of course the victim of her charms might not have be-

lieved a phrenologist who pointed out the exaggerated ego, insincerity and real malevolence that reposed under her golden tresses. Still, the danger signals would have been out.

Never a popular magazine comes to a man's rescue and expounds the weak points of the alluring damsels it constantly flaunts on its covers. Tirelessly do they emphasize the lure of the entangling qualities, while in the pages of advice are belauded what one might call the "keeping qualities." Madam Nature, who always has an eye to the future and is perfectly indifferent to the happiness of the individual, always makes a man attracted by that which is different from the type to which he has been accustomed. If his mother be an exemplary housekeeper this psychological fact may draw him strongly to a woman

who, he thinks, would let him put his feet on the desk and drop his cigar ashes on the floor. Yet when he has the object of his adoration it will not be long before he tries to make her into the very type of woman which she "isn't," even despite the fact of having married her because she "wasn't."

His passion for putting his feet on the desk or dropping the cigar ashes is transient; his love of an orderly home is habit. And if he succeeds in making his consort over into something of the type to which he has been accustomed in mother and sisters, he won't be pleased with the result. Thus, a man from a staid, sober home chooses a woman who loves color and gaiety; directly he has her home he tries to fit her into his ancestral mold. Women do the same thing—marry a man for one set of qualities and worry him because he is deficient in others.

Marriage a More Imminent Danger Than War

There is much advocacy at present of enforced military training—yet the danger of the youth of our country going to war again is more remote than that of their marrying and being given in marriage. There might be courses in our high schools or in our colleges, or camps where obligatory training was given, just as we have training camps for war where, for the advantage of students, the possible vicissitudes of warfare are simulated that the recruit may try his skill.

The courses for women have been

See Persia, Past and Present, by a Trip to Forty-Second Street



AT the Bush Terminal Sales Building, from November 24 to December 13, the best of the Persian art of many centuries will be shown, under the auspices of the International Buyers' Club.

For example, the picture to the left shows a twelfth century pottery jar, valued at \$5,000; a seventeenth

century jacket, valued at \$850, and an eighteenth century cloth of gold headress, worth \$400 (who says that modern millinery is high?), all against a \$5,000 background in the shape of a hand embroidered shawl. They would still be lovely to look upon if they were not worth a cent, which is more than can be said for some museum pieces.

The Persian bride wears a gold and silver woven bridal headress, with drappings of cloth of gold, and stands upon a white Persian bridal shawl. The bracelet is of the seventeenth century, and even the colorless cut gives some idea of its ornate loveliness, wrought by hand from virgin gold, just as it came from the mine. You must take it on faith—until you go and see—that it shows three cherubs climbing a grapevine to steal eggs from a nest. The mother bird is also among those present. The grapes are bunches of pearls, while the leaves are enameled in green. The British Museum admits it has no piece so unique of this sort.

The story is told that a woman traveled through China to get certain facts, but could not ferret them out, and came home to find the answer in the Brooklyn Museum of Fine Arts in an hour.

For carfare to Forty-second Street you can have a personally conducted trip, from 10 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. (except Saturdays and Sundays), through a museum where Persia has stored the art treasures of nine centuries.



Husbands—decorative and useless or plain and serviceable

amply expounded until one would fancy that nothing whatever was expected of the man except to look pleasant—somewhat of a task, of course. According to cooking experts the success or failure of any marriage is altogether a matter of the wife's culinary skill; if love flies out the window it is invariably the pantry window. On this theory a successful marriage is not so much the union of two minds as the marriage of a good cook to the possessor of an appreciative digestion. Yet there have been notably happy marriages where the wife was not a competent cook, such as the well known case of the Brownings. There is little to show that the frail poetess could cook. Yet she evidently knew something of housekeeping, for she rarely changed servants. Very necessary would be a course in early



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